

1899

The Song That My Mother Sang To Me

Herbert H. Taylor
Composer

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THE SONG THAT MY MOTHER SANG TO ME



BON-TON-TRIO

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

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HERBERT H. TAYLOR.

COMPOSER OF

"FACES WE MISS FROM THE STAGE."

BROOKLYN N.Y.

PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES COLEMAN.

515 FULTON ST.

Vp. 007245

1899

SONG NY

THE SONG THAT MY MOTHER SANG TO ME.

Words and Music by HERBERT H. TAYLOR.

Andante con espressione.



There's an old New Eng - land home - stead, near - ly cov - ered o'er with flow'rs Where the
Ma - ny years have brought their chan - ges since we part - ed long a - go But a

The first line of the song is in G major and common time. The melody is simple and sentimental, with the piano accompaniment supporting the vocal line.

morn - ing glo - ries clus - ter 'round the door ——— There a
moth - er's love will still re - main the same ——— And that

The second line of the song continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part includes some chords and moving lines that complement the vocal melody.

moth - er dear has wait - ed and through man - y wea - ry hours She has
love to me is dear - er far than a - ny thing I know And I

prayed just to see her boy once more I was
care not for rich - es wealth or fame some

think - ing of the pic - ture and it made the tear drops start And
day I'm go - ing back a - gain to see the same old place And

The Song my &c. 4

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once a - gain the old home I could see _____ When I
feel the joy and pleas - ure that 'twill bring _____ For the

heard a wo - man sing - ing in a voice so sweet and low 'Twas the
great - est joy on earth will be to see my moth - er's face And to

song that my moth - er sang to me: _____
hear once a - gain her sweet voice sing: _____

Chorus.

Oh my poor Nel-lie Gray They have tak - en you a - way And no
more a - gain my darl - ing will I see For she's

gone a - way for - ev - er from the old Ken-tuc - ky shore That's the

song that my moth - er sang to me.

TRY THESE SELECTIONS ON YOUR PIANO.

"THERE'S A HERO ON EV'RY SHIP" Words and Music by Charles Coleman.

REFRAIN.

There's a he-ro on ev'ry ship, That rides the roll-ing sea A port that is true 'neath each jack-et of blue to fight for the land of the

Words by Augusta Howe Chambers.

IZE GWINE GUNNIN' FO' ANGELS.

Music by Charles Coleman.

CHORUS.

So ize gwine a gun-nin' fo' de an-gels, Fo' to make mo' room up in de sky, Den coons dat go up dar ken hab mo' room to

Words by Augusta Howe Chambers.

DON'T TURN THE OLD FOLKS AWAY.

Music by Charles Coleman.

REFRAIN.

Don't turn the old peo-ple out Jane, Please let my pa-rents stay, Where will they find a shel-ter, Help-less and poor are

Words by Augusta Howe Chambers.

GIVE ME SOME PLACE TO DIE.

Music by Charles Coleman.

REFRAIN. Pathetic.

Give me some place to die, Give me some place to die, I nev-er have begged in my life be-fore, That is what

Arranged by Charles Coleman.
Valse Expressivo.

THERE IS LOVE IN MY HEART YET FOR YOU.

Words by Russell Fox.
Music by R.J. Morris.

There is love in my heart yet for you Though to me you have not been true, I love you yet and the

CHORUS. Valse Tempo.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

Words and Music by Augusta Howe Chambers.

I an-swer, laugh Thou care-less sea, Laugh on thou toss-ing o-cen decked with

Arranged by Charles Coleman.

JULIE MY OWN.

Words and Music by Geo. Chataway.

CHORUS.

Ju-lie my own, Ju-lie my love, There's not a girl in all the world I love as

Words by George Chance.

GO AND FIND YOUR SISTER TOM.

Music by Charles Coleman.

REFRAIN.

Go and find your sis-ter, Tom, And bring her back once mo-re, Tell her that we've missed her, as she ne'er was missed be-fore.

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES COLEMAN, 515 FULTON ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.